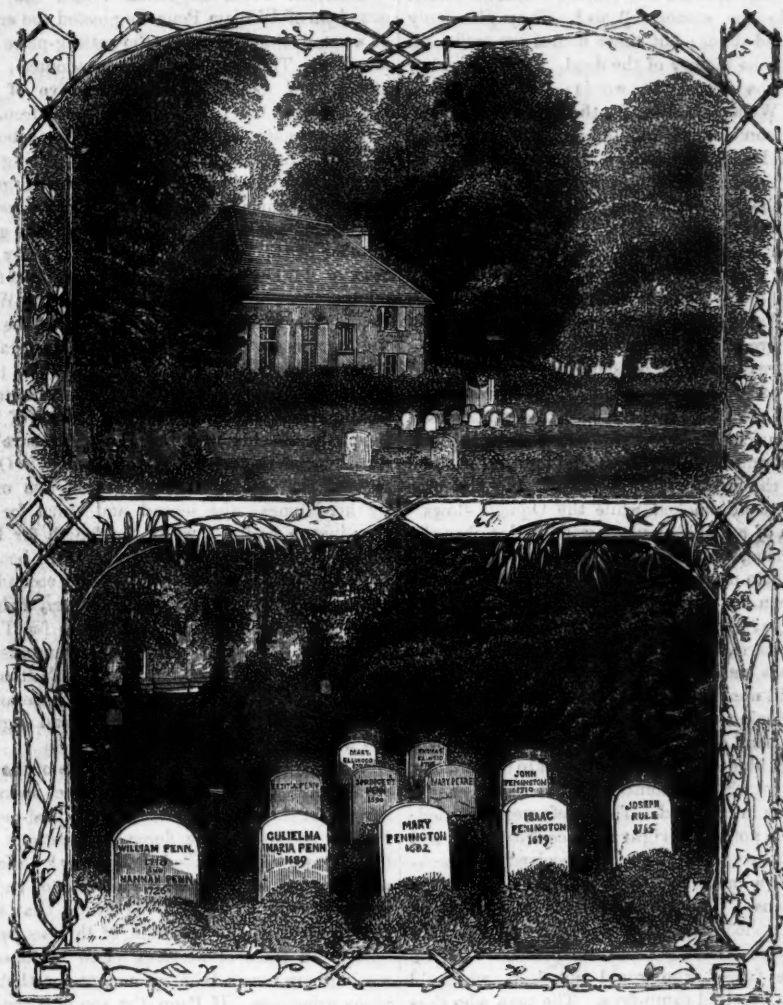


THE QUIVER

Saturday, December 15, 1866.



JORDAN'S BURIAL-GROUND, BUCKS.

JORDAN'S BURIAL-GROUND, BUCKS.

THE GRAVES OF WILLIAM PENN AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

OUR engraving places before the reader one of the most remarkable burial-places in England. The solitude, the deep stillness, the dark foliage of the encircling trees, and the sudden appearance of the

white grave-stones, compel the stranger to pause. No mouldering ruin, rich in sculptured tracery, attracts the traveller's gaze. Not a single object of artistic beauty, not one form of earthly grandeur,

meets the view. Are we looking on the burial-place of some ruined and deserted hamlet? Such might be the impression of a stranger, who, for the first time came in view of those lowly grave-stones. Let us enter the burial-ground; some of yon white slabs will surely tell the history of the place. Numerous hillocks, over which the long grass of summer waves, mark the resting-places of many. What do the stones tell us? They give only names and dates: but these names are sufficient. They tell the history of the dead. One of the low white slabs bears the words: "William Penn, 1718," We are standing by the grave of Pennsylvania's founder; the moral hero, who conquered the Red Indians by justice and wisdom. As we stood by this secluded grave, and marked the golden light of the descending sun as it tinted the purple heath blooming over the dead, we thought of the far-distant banks of the Delaware, and the crowded streets of Philadelphia.

Penn's grave-stone is entirely silent about his deeds. But the thoughtful visitor will try to picture the great coloniser as he stood beneath the ancient treaty elm, in presence of the assembled Indians. A strange rumour had spread through the forests of the Delaware: "A pale face wants to buy land of our chiefs; many pale faces are with him, but not a gun is among them; no fighting shall be allowed, the hatchet is to be buried, and the pipe of peace to be smoked while the Oquago flows." The idea of an endless peace was wonderful to the red warrior; massacres and revengeful reprisals had hitherto marked the path of the colonist. Is there, then, no power in the ancient words, "Peace be with ye?" Penn resolved to try. The day of meeting came, 3,000 of the Red Men were there; in three vast semicircles the tribes were grouped; chiefs, old men, and young ranged rank above rank on the sloping sward. In the midst stood Penn with his band of English, Dutch, and other colonists. A blue sash marked him out to the Indians, and the parchment containing the terms of the treaty was in his hand. The chiefs were satisfied; their rude notions of right had been respected, and the great *sachem* of the tribes received the parchment, as a memorial to be handed down to all generations. The motto, "Peace be with you," had triumphed; the hatchet was long buried in the forests of the Delaware, and the marvellous news, of "pale faces" who would not fight, was told around a hundred camp-fires. The man who thus revered the rights of "savages," must have been endowed with that moral heroism which springs either from wide sympathies or from a Divine illumination. The grave of such a one may be safely left without the "storied urn or animated bust."

A few years ago, the stranger would have been unable to distinguish the grave of William Penn

from the surrounding grass-covered hillocks. No sign declared the former rank or character of the sleepers, the wild flowers grew alike over all, and there was nothing to say, "Here lies the great." It is even stated that the very site of Penn's burial-place was forgotten, and that for some years the wrong grave was shown to visitors.

Granville Penn, of Stoke Pogis, the great-grandson of William Penn, suggested the erection of a small stone to mark the resting-place of his ancestor. This advice has been adopted; headstones now mark not only the grave of Penn, but those of his two wives, his children, relatives, intimate associates and fellow-labourers. The Friends have acted wisely in placing these brief memorials in their Chalfont burial-ground. A simple name and a date can never be used for unmeaning adulation or superstition. The greater number of the graves remain unmarked by stone, tree, or flower; only fifteen headstones are found; all but three being close to the grave of William Penn. Near the entrance gate, and to the left of the narrow path, a slab points out the graves of "five children of William Penn." At the time of our visit, these silent homes of the infants were distinguished from all the rest—masses of bright purple heath clustered round each; Nature's own pure garlands for the sleeping ones. On the right of the path is a row of graves, five marked by headstones: the second and third for Isaac Pennington and his wife; the fourth for Penn's first wife, Gulielma Maria; the fifth row bears the names of William Penn and of his second wife. The second row contains four memorial slabs, and the third but two: these last being for Thomas Ellwood and his wife. This name reminds us of the simple-hearted man who read to Milton when blindness had befallen the poet; who became his companion in the Chalfont cottage, and suggested the writing of "Paradise Regained."

While musing in the deep quietude of the place, we asked, "Why did the Friends select so lonely a retreat for their meeting-house and burial-ground? Was it because of the fierce persecutions which for so many years assailed their body? Was this nook deemed secure from the assaults of rude and bigoted mobs?" It is to be feared that such a feeling dictated the selection of this sequestered spot for a place of worship. Few of those now resting here escaped imprisonment for their religious principles. If Penn, the son of a renowned English admiral; if Isaac Pennington, the son of a Lord Mayor of London; if the simple-minded Ellwood, the son of a country magistrate; if even the beautiful and accomplished Gulielma Springett, the daughter of a knight, and first wife of Penn, were all thrown into the vilest gaols, it cannot be supposed that the more humble members of the society escaped. Think of 500 Quakers being

released from prison at one time by a proclamation of Charles II.

The ground was sold, in 1671, by William Russel "to Thomas Ellwood and others, for the use of Friends, commonly called Quakers;" and the first burial occurred in that year.

About 1688 the meeting-house was erected by John Pennington, Thomas Ellwood, and others. The first assembling for worship was probably on the 7th of August, 1688. Even before the erection of their place of worship, the society found that not even the solitude of Jordan's would secure them from insult. Here is a scene from the "old times:" On the 24th of May, 1670, the Friends were assembled for worship in William Russel's house. Two constables, "Henry Reading" and "Richard Duntun," accompanied by two informers, "Ralph Lacy" and "John Dell," attended by one "Poulter," entered, and summoned all present to come before a neighbouring magistrate. The worshippers sat still, and one kneeling down engaged in prayer; whereupon the said "Poulter" dragged this member along the floor. The whole scene was duly entered in the minutes of the monthly meeting, where "Poulter" is quietly described as "a savage brute." This fellow certainly deserved the character still standing in the old register against his name.

The seclusion of Jordan's, and its distance from the great centres of population, have led to the almost total disuse of the meeting-house. The monthly meetings for the district were held here until 1799, when they were discontinued; those for weekly worship had ceased about 1789.

In 1857 it was resolved to strengthen the associations connected with the place by holding a yearly meeting there. These annual visitations will tend to preserve the burial-place of William Penn from the neglect which follows absence.

The graves of the Penns, Penningtons, and Ellwoods are fitly placed close together; all formed one community when living, rejoicing and suffering in common. Isaac Pennington lived at the Grange, in the neighbouring parish of St. Peter's, Chalfont. He became the second husband of Lady Springett, the mother of Penn's first wife, and was one of the intimate friends of Milton.

The daughter, Gulielma Maria, the future wife of Penn, was carefully trained in all the accomplishments of that age. She seems to have possessed beauty of body and mind; and as the Ellwoods were intimate with the Penningtons, Thomas fell in love with Gulielma, but feared to tell his love, lest he should be rejected, and so lose her society altogether. He had, when a boy, walked by the side of her "little coach" when the servant drew Gulielma out for a morning's airing in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He had visited her family both at London and in the

country, at Caversham, Datchet, and Chalfont. But, notwithstanding, Ellwood dared not propose. At this period neither were "Quakers;" but a change came. The mother and daughter adopted the principles preached by George Fox; and Ellwood, in his journal, describes his amazement at the change, having never before heard of the people called "Quakers." This visit changed the current of Ellwood's life. He was persuaded to attend the meetings of the society, and finally became an active and persecuted member of the body. Gulielma soon after became the wife of William Penn, but Ellwood was ever esteemed by her and her husband.

Ellwood married Mary Ellis, who became a "minister" in the society, her husband ranking as "elder." The monthly meetings of the Friends were held during forty years at his house, Hunger Hill, Amersham. Ellwood was also an author, the number of his works amounting to twenty-five. The "journal" possesses much interest for all who believe that "the proper study of mankind is man," giving us many glimpses into odd social nooks, and showing the honest simplicity and mild egotism of the author. At one time we are amused by the good-humoured stupidity of a Maidenhead official, who insists that Sunday is the seventh day of the week; and at another, smile at Ellwood's notions of "love-making." Peace be with his memory; he cannot be quite forgotten. All who visit Jordan's will give a thought to the companion of Milton and the friend of Penn.

This last name reminds us again of him in whose honour Jordan's is chiefly visited. His life must be so well known that we may safely omit biographical details.

The son of an admiral, educated at Christ Church Oxford, he adopted the principles of the Friends while at the university, became a law student at Lincoln's Inn, and soon began a course of preaching, writing, disputing, and travelling, to promote his opinions. Prisons and fines did not stop him, nor did they deter the fair Gulielma from sharing his lot. The following entry in the register of the monthly meeting, December, 1671, explains itself: "William Penn, of Walthamstow, in the county of Essex, and Gulielma Maria Springett, of Tilers' End Green, in the parish of Penn, in the county of Bucks, proposed their intention of taking each other in marriage." She nobly and lovingly shared her husband's sufferings and labours, and died in his arms, 1693. Penn wrote "An Account of the Blessed End of my Dear Wife, Gulielma Maria Penn," in which he says, "She expired quietly in my arms, her head upon my bosom."

After founding the colony of Pennsylvania, and thereby making a name for ages, Penn returned to England, passed through the storms of the Revolution, and, three years after the death of Gulielma,

married Hannah Callowhill. His energies were incessantly devoted either to preaching or to the management of Pennsylvania, until the gradual decline of his strength led him to rest in the quietude of Rushcombe, Berks. The Gaskells, of Rolfe's Hold, Bucks, are the descendants of Penn by his first wife, Gulielma Springett. Granville Penn, formerly of Stoke Park, Bucks, represents the "former proprietors of Pennsylvania," the children of William Penn by his second wife, Hannah Callowhill. Thomas Penn, the head of this branch, purchased the manor of Stoke in 1760, and conformed to the Church of England. It may seem strange that Penn should have left his vast Pennsylvanian estates to the children of the second wife; but at his death, in 1718, that property was worth little more than £500 a year.

Penn passed gently down life's valley to the grave. Little by little his bodily powers sunk; gradually his mind seemed to retire into an inner sanctuary of silence, until, between two and three in the morning of July 30th, 1718, the founder of

Pennsylvania fell into the sleep called death. On the 5th of August the body was borne from Rushcombe to Jordan's, where, in the presence of a large meeting of "Friends," it was laid in solemn silence in this grave, near which we have been standing. The father, Admiral Penn, rests in the stately church of St. Mary, Redcliffe, Bristol, where his monument, sculptured with cannon and symbols of war, tells of his share in the battle of life. The son, with a far higher renown and a wider fame, sleeps beneath a grass-covered grave in the deep quietude of Jordan's leafy solitudes. No sculptured marble reminds men of his deeds; a block of granite in Philadelphia shows the spot where the treaty with the Red Man was made, a few fragments of the elm-tree, under which he then stood, are possessed by his descendants; but that is all. And that is enough; the great benefactors of the human race live in the hearts of nations; the name of William Penn on the simple grave-stone in Jordan's is sufficient to remind us that one of earth's true heroes lies buried here.

W. D.

MY FIRSTBORN IN HEAVEN.

I HAD a little infant,
My firstborn joy and pride,
To whose sweet looks of innocence
My every pulse replied;
And blest beyond all measure
To catch her faintest smile,
I felt that such a treasure
Could every pain beguile.

For, oh! my babe seemed fairer
Than lily of the vale,
Amid her green leaves sheltered safe
From every passing gale:
More dear, and oh! more welcome
Than springtide's earliest flower;
For many hearts beat anxiously
To hail her natal hour.

Then hope, and joy, and gladness
Watched o'er her natal bed,
And smiles were flung like sunbeams
Around her gentle head;
But if upon her silken lash
A tear I chanced to see,
The shadow fell upon my heart,
And visions bright would flee.

She was my heart's own rainbow,
A thing of smiles and tears,
Those symbols of our earthly lot
Which told of coming years;
When mingled care and sorrow
Her pathway should beset,
And sin and Satan spread for her
An all-alluring net.

And then an inward prayer would rise,
"Good Father throned above,
Send down upon my precious child
The spirit of thy love;
And make her thine, thine only,
A fair, fair child of light!"
I knew my prayer would answered be,
And all again was bright.

I have a little infant,
She is an angel now,
The crown of immortality
Surrounds her baby-brow;
She dwells with God in heaven,
Amid those saints of light,
Who through our Saviour's blood are clad
In robes of spotless white.

And shall I pine or murmur?
Ah! no; for sure 'tis well
To think that I have sent a note
Yon happy choir to swell;
That oft, towards her mother,
She leans from heaven above,
And whispers, "Mother, sing with me
His praise whose name is Love."

And though an empty cradle,
A tiny lock of hair,
Is all that now is left me
Of one so sweet and fair,
I'll drive the sad tears backward,
Or through them, as they fall,
Look for that brighter country
Where God shall dry them all.

E. A. G.

A PARABLE OF LIFE—II

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, ISLINGTON.

THE FEAR.

THE SECOND lesson of this parable of life is—that even Christ's disciples may feel very desolate and helpless when such storms are raging. "It was dark, and Jesus had not come to them." However dark, had he been with them they would not have feared. Their faith was like the faith of many of us; it was strong enough to assure them when their eyes beheld him, but not when they did not see him. They would have believed in his power to rule the storm, had he been with them in the boat; they could not believe in his power to rule it from the shore—they felt abandoned and desolate.

This is a symbol of every man's condition whose faith cannot realise Christ's presence in trouble. If we feel that he is distant from us it must be dark with us. Who of us is there who has not seasons of darkness, when we see and feel nothing but the angry waves of life dashing, and the winds howling in their fury, and threatening our frail barque? There are times when we feel as if God had "forgotten to be gracious," as if he had withdrawn his lovingkindness from us; and, blinded by the passionate tears of our great agony, we cry out, as Job did—"Show me wherefore thou contendest with me." It was dark to the disciples' feeling, dark to their fear: but they would not have felt it dark, would not have been so full of fear, had they known all that their Master knew. We who are tossed in the storm cannot judge it as he can who sits above it and rules it. Their darkness and fear, therefore, sprang from their ignorance and little faith.

They might have fortified their hearts by very precious memories of their Master's power and grace.

Had they not just witnessed one of the most splendid of his miracles, and had they not been so elated with the feeling of his power and glory, that this very exposure to the storm was necessary to preserve their balance? Ought not the memory of this great miracle to have sustained them? He who could thus feed five thousand, would surely not leave them to perish. So that a great strengthening of faith had come before this great trial of it. Is it not always so? The strengthening mercy comes before the depressing sorrow. Paul sees "visions of paradise" before the "messenger of Satan is sent to buffet him." For years God's constant ministry of mercy may have been preparing me for my present hour of sorrow; and

although it is a dark night with me, in which "neither moon nor stars appear," yet are there lights of memory which may alleviate and cheer it. "The Lord hath been mindful of me." He has given me pleasant places and rich experiences; and surely I am not to lose my confidence in him the moment that the first darkness—the first sorrow comes. If we will just look at the greater trials of our life, we shall commonly find that, unconsciously, we have been prepared for them. Feelings have been elicited, experiences realised—we knew not how or whence; but when the hour of trial came, we found them a precise and perfect preparation for it. Christ arms his soldiers before he sends them into the battle; gives us the strengthening and assurance of the wilderness, before he sends us to encounter the storm on the lake.

The lighter trial came before the heavier one, so as gradually to develop trial-bearing power. This was not the first lake-storm to which the disciples had been exposed; but, on the former occasion, Jesus was in the boat with them, only he was asleep. That, moreover, is described as simply a tempest—this as a tempest of an aggravated character. Then it was daylight—now it was "dark." Had Jesus now been with them, they would hardly have been so terrified as they were. It was the special reason of their fear, that "Jesus had not come to them." Remembering how he had calmed the waves on the former occasion, they would probably have felt safe with him now. But Christ never repeats precisely the same lesson—never contents himself with precisely the same demand upon our faith. The disciples must now learn to confide in his absent power, just as they then learnt to confide in his present power. The lighter trial came first; now Christ presumes upon their having strength to bear a heavier one. His rule of trial is, "As ye are able to bear it." He prepares his martyrs by many previous exercises of their courage. His promise is that "As our day our strength shall be." Another form of it might be, "As our strength our day shall be." Christ will first go with us into the storm, then he will send us into it alone. We first see him, and learn to trust in him; then we learn to trust in him, although we do not see him. He is first our visible helper on earth, then our invisible helper in heaven.

The darkness and loneliness which the disciples felt without Christ were precisely what he intended them to feel.

Everything bespeaks purpose. Christ was not accidentally left behind, any more than he was accidentally absent from the death-bed of Lazarus.

He reduced the disciples to this strait that he might teach them a new lesson of his sufficiency; that he might prepare them for confiding in the great promise with which he would leave them—"Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." They connected the assurance of safety with his bodily presence; he will teach them faith in him although he is absent. Like the eagle thrusting her eaglets from the nest, he thrusts them into the storm, compels them to realise their own faith, shows them that for him there are helping ways everywhere. They had yet to learn that he was the Divine Son of God. Hardly could they henceforth find it difficult to believe that he whom they thus saw walking upon the sea was its Creator.

It is a great thing in trouble to feel sure that it "has not sprung out of the dust;" that the loving Father has appointed and arranged it—sent the storm for some purpose of wise discipline, to teach some unlearned lesson, to develop some higher reaches of faith. It is not needful that we should understand what he does; it is enough if it compel us to recognise and trust him, "to kiss the rod" when we cannot see the hand that wields it. The great uses of God's providences are realised in the submission of our heart to him rather than in our understanding them.

While it was dark and fearsome with the disciples on the lake, while their trouble was that Jesus was not come to them, he was on the mountain-top praying—praying probably for them.

He was conscious of their peril and fear, and was solicitously watching and testing their faith. Unseen by them, his eye beheld them. They thought him ignorant of their condition; he was making it the burden of his prayer. "He saw them toiling in rowing;" and he prayed for them, not that they might have no storms—even a vessel carrying apostles may not thus be exempt—but that the storm might be the means of strengthening their faith, and deepening their feeling of dependence; that their courage might prove them worthy disciples of their wonder-working Lord. Christ asks better things for them, and for us, than a smooth sea; he asks hearts bold enough and faith strong enough to trust him in a rough one. Moses does not pray that there may be no battle, but that in the battle Israel may prevail. Christ does not pray for Peter that he may escape the sifting of Satan, but that in the sifting his "faith may not fail." The refiner grudges not the fire that is to purify his gold. It may be in the furnace of affliction that God "chooses us." The really terrible thing would be for the storm to come and faith to fail.

The Master, then, is praying for us, even while we are "toiling in rowing"—even while it is "dark" with us, and we are troubled because he

has not come to us—praying that we may be patient, trustful, and holy. "He ever maketh intercession for us." We, struggling on the sea of life, tossed by its tempests, fearing in its darkness: he, on the mount of God, "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." We struggle: Christ prays. We the world's workers and sufferers: Christ, the world's great Intercessor.

It is, moreover, to be noted that neither the darkness nor the fear caused the disciples to suspend their vigorous toil.

They relaxed no degree of effort, remitted no possibility of self-help. We are not told that they prayed, or that they had any hope of succour from Christ. But they plied the oar and grasped the helm—they did all that they could to propel the labouring boat. They "toiled all night," often, doubtless, casting a yearning look towards the shore which they had left, and wishing that their Master had come with them; but toiling still, although they made but little progress.

God will not help us unless we help ourselves. It is *help* that God gives; not the substitution of his effort for ours. He will not supersede natural by supernatural means. He will work conviction, and repentance, and faith in us by the truth that we hear, and read, and pray over. He will strengthen our faith and comfort us by the precious promises that we seek out and study. Our means are not in themselves sufficient. However we may toil and row, Christ must come and save us. But he will not come and save us unless we toil and row.

THE STORM-RULER.

The THIRD lesson of this parable of life is, that *whatever the darkness and desolateness that we may feel in the storms of life, if we be Christ's disciples, he will assuredly come to us and deliver us.*

He does not always come at once.

He waits until the exigency of the disciples is the greatest—until the storm is the fiercest and the night the darkest. "In the fourth watch of the night he cometh unto them, walking upon the sea." He would teach them and us that there is often a wise and loving purpose in the protracted duration of our trials. Were he to come as soon as the first gust of the gale was felt, there would be opportunity for neither the realisation of our need nor the exercise of our faith. He permits us to feel and to fear until both are brought into exercise. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," not of his power merely, but also of his grace. He permits the Israelites to be shut in at Pi-hahiroth, bids them "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," and then signally delivers them. He will not at once go to the nobleman's son. He does not at once answer the Syrophenician's prayer. He does not

at once hasten to the weeping sisters at Bethany. He does not at once come down from his cross, or rise from his tomb. He permits fear to grow, and sorrow to deepen, that thus he may prepare us for a more rejoicing faith.

The disciples fear when they see him.

No doubt, the feelings excited by his appearance were very different, according to their different characters; but this feeling was common to them all—they were all “afraid;” the deep awe of the world of spirits fell upon them; they thought, that it was a spirit that was approaching them through the driving scud; they did not, apparently, even think of their Master. How often we mistake Christ, even when he comes to help us; interpret his coming by some fancy or superstition of our own. Instead of recognising a deliverer, we imagine him an additional terror.

Christ “appeared as though he would have passed them by.”

Even in their terror he tries them still more; seems as if he would leave them as he found them. So the angels would have passed by Abraham; so Christ would have gone farther than Emmaus. He will have his disciples entreat him to “abide with them.” This very movement increased their desire, elicited their cry and prayer. So God sometimes hides his face from our cry; seems as though he would pass us by; would not help us in our extremity; would not stay with us, until the beseeching of our love constrains him.

And yet Christ came on purpose to save them.

He had heard the cry of their fear; he had seen their distress, and had come on the waters to deliver them. At length, therefore, he dissipates all their terrors by his familiar voice—“It is I; be not afraid”—the voice they had so often heard pronouncing blessings upon the poor, commanding healing for the sick, and life for the dead. He comes as he always comes—a Saviour, greater than the storm, greater than their fears. He does not need to tell them for what he comes. Our own consciousness is a sufficient interpreter of Christ’s voice. “It is I,” said he to the soldiers who came to arrest him, and their guilty consciences made them fall “backwards to the ground.” “It is I,” says he to the terrified disciples—the word of tenderness which he always addresses to timid hearts—and their joyful hearts leap forth to meet him. Our consciences will always interpret to us the purpose of Christ’s coming. To loving and trustful hearts it is always a joy to hear his gracious—“It is I.” It is a word of assurance that has allayed a thousand forms of terror, that has assured us in a thousand storms of life. How often have we seen the same gracious

Deliverer coming to us! how often have we been comforted by the same gracious assurance!

It may be the Church that is tossed by storms; and we, its feeble members, hopelessly strive to navigate it. The conflict with evil is severe and disheartening, men’s hearts are terribly hard, their enmity is intensely bitter; “the heathen rage, the people imagine a vain thing.” It is very “dark, and Jesus has not come to us.” At length we see him walking upon the waves that rage so furiously. “It is I; be not afraid.” We take him into the vessel, and “presently there is a great calm.”

Our personal souls may be tossed by storms of conviction and remorse, of anguish and terror, of doubt and fierce conflict; “the sorrows of death may compass us, and the pains of hell get hold upon us;” and in dark and desolate anguish we may toil to save our poor souls from the shipwreck of utter despair; when, amid the raging and roaring of the storm, the ear of Faith catches the still small voice, “It is I; be not afraid;” and we feel the controlling power and peace of his presence,—in the secret place of anguish, in the sorrowful home, on the lonely couch, by open graves, in the very dismay and dissolution of death.

And in the last great storm of earthly history, when the “great and terrible day of the Lord shall come,” and all life feels helpless and insignificant, He, the great ruler of all storms, shall again speak and assure his trembling saints; He shall walk upon the seething ocean of universal dissolution, and shall comfort his own by saying to them, “It is I; be not afraid.”

This, then, is our peace and blessedness in all times of trouble—“In the world we may have tribulation; in Christ we have peace.” Alas, for us, that we do not believe this; that his very presence amazes rather than assures us! Christ with us assures our safety, whatever storms may rage: Christ in our hearts, Christ in our homes, Christ in the Church, Christ in the nation.

“With Christ in the vessel, we smile at the storm.”

And so it will be when Christ is received into the world’s heart. As the “Prince of Peace” he will quiet every storm of evil passion, and of selfish strife. As Christianity spreads, the storms of each individual heart are stilled, and peaceful hearts are multiplied into a broad realm of peace. The only true peace is that peace which is the “fruit of righteousness;” and the great promise is that the “people shall be righteous, every one.” “There shall be abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.”

A DAY IN GENOA.

BY THE REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M.A.



OW that everybody talks about Italy, and is interested in its political fortunes, perhaps one of the more notable cities of its northern provinces may be seen with advantage in a fire-side ramble—one of those inexpensive ones which books provide. Genoa lies terrace over terrace, open only to the sea, like a disdainful beauty, who cares not to reveal her charms. If you want to be impressed by one of those sights which become memories, you must not enter Genoa by the rail, but either by the gate of the Lanterna, or, better still, along "the silent highway" into the stately harbour. From either of these points the city is indeed, "Genoa la Superba."

I had travelled for three days over the beautiful Corniche road. My driver was a reckless, handsome fellow, given to trolling patriotic songs, with an indifferent opinion of the Pope and the Emperor, and an idolatry of Garibaldi, in whose service, as he told us with pride, one of the horses which conveyed me was destined to figure as a charger.

Commend me to this Riviera di Ponente for successions of exquisite beauty. The road is now carried on the sides of the cliff, high above the sea, and now sweeps through some picturesque village on the shore. Groves of orange, lemon, mulberry, acacia, vine, and olive, with here and there giant aloes and clusters of statelier palm-trees, abound in exquisite variety. Rocks of many colours, quaint old Moorish towers, bridges and aqueducts, grey with wondrous age, and proud even in their ruin, as if they knew that Roman hands had piled them; strange, weird-like towns, beautiful for situation, but repulsive and miserable as you enter them, whose narrow streets seem meant for murders, and whose swarthy sons seem as if they could soon be bribed to perpetrate them—with now and then, like a jewel with its crust of mud, glorious eyes, flashing through the dirt, which would have charmed a Correggio; and everywhere, chafed or calm, as its mood is, the grand blue sea, fencing and watching the whole. It would be difficult to surpass this three days' wonderful ride.

Through a long suburb, rounding the gulf, you approach the city, but see nothing but fortifications, straggling villas, and solitary lines of streets, until you pass the gate; then at once you realise the panorama—palaces, terraces, hills, and harbour.

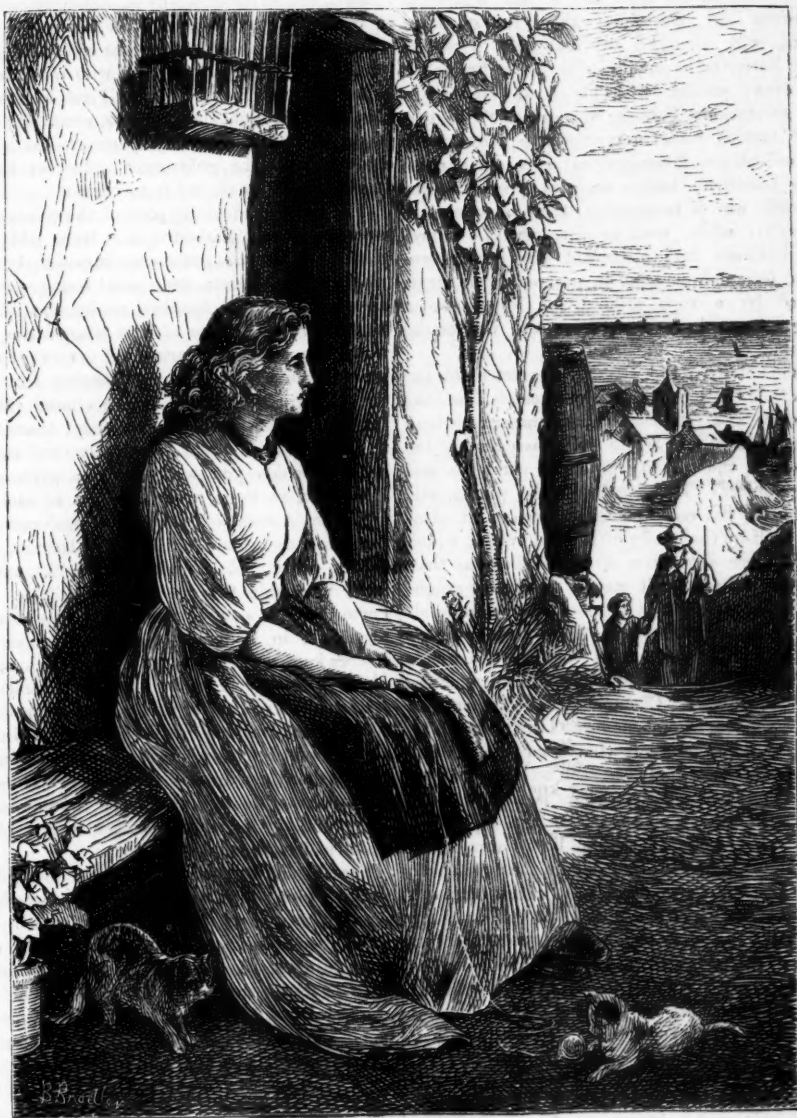
Genoa is a city of contrasts. In half an hour you may traverse streets of palaces, burrow into

all kinds of infragant courts and alleys swarming with a population innocent of towels, and come out into all the bustle and enterprise of a flourishing seaport town. Begin at the railway station. Close by is the palace of the celebrated Andrea Doria, gardened to the water's edge. There are many hearts in Genoa still which are proud to recall his name. In the piazza is a fine statue of Columbus, for although the little town of Cogolletto claims to have been his birthplace, he is popularly called a Genoese. On through the Strada Balbi, the Strada Nuova, and the Strada Nuovissima. These three streets are almost entirely composed of palaces, and as you walk along them they are so narrow, and the vast piles are so lofty, that the sky seems like a band of blue ribbon far away. Each palace has a grand façade facing the street, many of them of white marble. By a grand archway in the centre you pass into the courtyard (no house in Italy is called a palace unless there is a courtyard, round which a carriage can drive), in which myrtles, oranges and oleanders bloom, and from which the marble staircase conducts you to the suite of apartments on the first floor. Marble columns, fine paintings, long mirrors, statuettes, alti and bassi reliefs, vases of malachite, or of rare old Sèvres china, gorgeous mantelpieces, tessellated pavements, panels exquisitely carved, the rooms furnished with wonderful taste, and hung with the finest draperies—all these combine to add to the splendour of the Genoese palaces, and to create in the unsophisticated beholder a bewildered confusion. If, when reflection succeeds excitement, you ask, "*Cui bono?*" there is but the echo to answer. These palaces of the former time only deepen by their contrast the squalor and misery which abuts upon them.

Just at the end of the Strada Balbi is the Church of the Annunziata, built by the Lomellini family. Over the entry is a fine painting of the "Last Supper;" but the chief feature of the church is its excessive decoration. The pillars are marble, and the roof is exquisitely painted, but not an inch of the walls is without its adornment of gilding: you are in a blaze of gold—

"Gold, fine gold, both yellow and red,
Beaten and molten, polished and dead;
To see the gold in profusion spread,
In all forms of its manufacture;"

you must go to the Church of the Annunziata in Genoa, and when you come out you will be ready to think less of a sanctuary of God than of the shop of a carver and gilder. In the Piazza Carlo



(Drawn by B. BRADLEY.)

"Jenny, she's sitting beside her door,
With her folded hands on her knee."—p. 203.

Felice is the large theatre, and a vegetable market in front of it is the best place for the study of costume and character. Here trips along a pretty Genoese girl, with her snowy white *pezzotto* or veil, fastened on the head, and forming a graceful framework for the face; there, a sunburnt peasant, with slouched hat and gait to match, gazing listlessly round him with latent fire in his dark eyes; yonder, with his head (because of many salutations) bobbing up and down in perpetual motion, walks a comfortable priest, with shepherd-hat and flowing robes; here, again, some thrifty housewife, basket on arm, preparing for the wordy war of bargaining; there, a coquettish flower-girl; while, stealing through the crowd, with downcast but observant eye, some bare-headed Capuchin creeps, in coarse brown serge, fastened by a rope around his loins. To a stranger's eye it is an endless and interesting panorama.

To the left from the piazza you soon reach the Acqua Sola Gardens, a public promenade, blushing with roses and glistening with fountains, where the band plays, and white veils flash among the shrubs, and the nobility air their carriages and their manners. Back again to the piazza, and straight on, you come to the church of St. Ambrose, built by the family of the Pallavicini, which word is more suggestive of the sacrilegious than of the Samaritan; for it means, "Strip my neighbour." The church is a mass of marble and gilding, which does not please good taste; but it is redeemed by two great pictures—Guido's "Assumption" in the third chapel, and over the high altar, Rubens' "Circumcision." Thence is a short way to the Duomo, dedicated to San Lorenzo, where at the time of my visit a large congregation—the largest I had ever seen on a week-day—were gathered at prayer. There is something to be learned from the practice of these peasant-women, who devote some of the best hours of the market-morning to devotion; it is the true spirit of sacrifice, and we would fain hope that through the symbol, and in spite of the superstition, they may see the Saviour "whom they ignorantly worship," and find life and healing in his name. The Chapel of John the Baptist is said to contain his relics, and, to expiate the sin of Herodias, females can enter it only once a year. In the treasury those of large belief are shown (for five francs) the *Sacro Catino*, variously described as a present from the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, or as the dish on which the Paschal Lamb was served at the Last Supper—strangely enough made of *modern glass*; but credulity disdains chronology, and if the facts interfere with the faith, "why so much the worse for the facts"—that is all.

To the right from the Carlo Alberto, in which the cathedral stands, is the Via Orefici, or the

Street of the Goldsmiths, where every shop on either side the causeway glitters with the gold and silver filagree for which Genoa is famous. In the middle of the street, carefully framed and glazed, and surmounted by an elaborate canopy, is a picture of the Madonna, the work of a young artist, Pellegrino Piola, who was early assassinated through the envy of a rival, who was jealous of his superior skill. When the First Napoleon, on his foray through Italian cities, removed some of their choice art-treasures to enrich his Louvre, he repeated the goldsmiths' affection for this, and graciously suffered it to remain.

The strangest looking part of the city, perhaps, is down by the harbour-side. Here odd sights, discordant sounds, grotesque varieties, both animate and inanimate, and—alas! that it should be so—distilment of a hundred smells, abound. The houses are in a state of lofty dilapidation; they are black with the grime of years; there is generally something frowzy hanging from their tiers of windows, for it is the chosen place for drying of carpets and airing of beds; these houses stand upon dark arches, heavy browed and low, beneath which you walk, in a grim arcade. Enseoned in these arches, sellers of macaroni and polenta establish themselves, and come upon you unawares; and against the base of them, on the street side, are heaps of offal and garbage, venerable for age. That building is the Porto Franco, something similar to a bonding-warehouse in England, where two custom-house officers keep ward at the gates, to search any one whom they suspect, and to keep out monks and ladies! The reason for this equivocal prohibition is not so arbitrary as it seems, nor is it found in any presumed affinity between the two classes, but simply that their dresses, being loose and flowing, are supposed to aggravate the temptations to smuggling, by furnishing better means of concealment for the smuggled goods.

The Dogana, or custom-house, is a fine building; and in its long room are statues of the worthies of the city, reared to stimulate their sons by their memory to deserve as well of their country as did their fathers. Everything about the harbour itself has a bustling, prosperous look, such as we are accustomed to see in thriving seaports at home, and such as every friend of Italy must be glad to see. There is fresh life in the fair young kingdom; and Genoa, freer than in the days of her old republics, because no longer living in armed truce with her neighbours, nor torn to pieces by her own factions, may look forward to a progress as bright as the long years of her sorrow have been gloomy. Let but the Sun of Righteousness shine into her people as the material sun shines upon her white roofs and glorious hills, and she will indeed be queenly.

Before we leave Genoa we must see her from the water, or we shall have no true impression, after all, of her marvellous beauty. If you come by steamer from Spezia, coasting along "the sunrise shore," so much the better; that is, if you could see the scenery, but the steamers sail by night. Well, study the heavens instead. How glorious they are! the stars sparkle like diamonds, they seem as if they were *incised*, and had cut through the sky to shine. The silver sheen of the Milky-way is radiant as a polished mirror. Oh! it is a rare delight to be on the Mediterranean in a clear night and with a smooth sea. It is a still voice speaking upon the heart a great calm. It is a magnificent apocalypse of God. You are in the harbour of Genoa before the day-light, and you can watch its birth. Slowly the stars fade, one by one, and as if loth to die; then an indescribable softening of colour, like a shimmer of moonlight without a moon; then a brief grey dawn; then the gay sun, waking up the world, and lo! there is the city, a line of white houses, two miles long, girdling the harbour, like a living crescent, tier rising above tier; then higher up, breaking into villas, which lose themselves in groves of green, and these resting on the bosom of solemn and guardian hills! It is a sight that is not to be forgotten—"a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

Priests abound in Genoa; nearly every fifth man met in the streets, excepting by the harbour, is a member of one or other confraternity. They seem to have more influence here than in some other Italian cities, and the "festas" at the various churches are kept up with great pomp and grandeur. The inhabitants are not flippant, but industrious, for the most part, and obliging. Peasant women, with naked feet, are seen washing clothes in the tanks and roadside streams. The clothes are laid on a smooth stone and scrubbed with a sort of wooden mallet, flat instead of round. One almost wonders, with Charles Dickens in his "Pictures from Italy," amid all the dirt, who wears the clothes when they are clean. There is a look of contentment about the people, generally, as if they drew in cheerfulness with each breath of their balmy air. With a little more cleanliness, a little more earnestness of purpose, a little stricter local government, and, above all, "the knowledge of the truth," Genoa may shine among the world's great cities with far more than her ancient splendour. She has many traditions, and a chequered history; but she has caught the spirit of her newly-acquired freedom, and has entered upon a path of material prosperity, of which no prophet can prophesy the end. May He who is the life of cities and of men, guide all these movements of our time to his own greater glory!

PARTED.

JENNY, she's sitting beside her door,
With her folded hands on her knee,
And her blue eyes full of the setting sun,
As they gaze o'er the silent sea.
Oh, what are you dreaming of, Jenny dear?
And wouldn't it do to say?
Oh, is it of him who is over the sea—
Of him that is far away—
Ah, me!
Of him that is far away?

Willie, he's toiling with axe in hand,
And he sees the sun in the west;
And his thoughts go back to the green old home,
To the land that he loves the best.
And his thoughts go back to the blue-eyed girl
That's sitting beside the door,
And he wonders and wonders within his heart
Shall he ever behold her more—
Ah, me!
Shall he ever behold her more?

MATTHIAS BAER.

DEEPPDALE VICARAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARK WARREN."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HOW LITTLE BOOKS CAN DO!

IONYSIUS CURLING stood on the hearthrug in his study, with his back to the fire. "After all," thought he, indulging in soliloquy as he had done at the commencement of our story; "after all, it is a miserable thing to be a bachelor! Books are very well in their way," here he glanced

round the well-filled shelves; "capital things, but"—here he sighed despondingly—"books can't do everything; one wants a companion—a—a—" He paused; he was ashamed to say, in defiance of ancient dogmas, "a wife!"

Again he glanced round the room; it looked somewhat desolate and dreary. Outside, the fog hung in wreaths through which no sun could struggle. Inside, the fire would not burn, coax it as he might. It had never occurred to him before

that Deepdale Vicarage was the dullest place in all England.

As if by sheer accident, his eye fell upon a paper which lay close by his desk. It was the veritable paper that contained the names of the female population of Deepdale. He took it up, and glanced his eye over it. Then he shrugged his shoulders, and laid it down again. Her name was not included there. He knew these ladies now, personally, and had become acquainted with their several virtues and accomplishments. But he barely allowed himself time at the present moment to recognise their existence. One face alone had power to charm him: all others were inferior by a hundred, nay, a thousand degrees. Clara Melrose was, as he said before, a wonderful woman. "A gem of priceless value," thought Dionysius Curling.

Still, with all this, there were two grave impediments in the way of his paying immediate court to this seraphic being. One was, the recent loss of her husband. Here a certain amount of reticence was necessary. He must wait until she had emerged from her crape and sable. The waiting was an evil, but it must be endured. He was not the man to outrage the respected memory of a brother clergyman only six months deceased.

The second impediment was the gravest. Not that Dionysius, in his present ecstatic state, would allow it to weigh with him in the least. Still, there was the *accusation*. It was a serious accusation. It might one day bear terrible fruits. Nothing, save the intervention of the Big Countess, stood between Clara Melrose and a prison. A prison! frightful as it sounded.

Of course, in the eyes of Dionysius Curling, she was innocent. But could he marry her with that ban hanging over them both? Could he marry her, subject to the caprice of the countess, or the tender mercies of Simon Crosskeys? Why not set about and establish her innocence? Why not seek to drag the real culprit to light? There was a real culprit, no doubt, lurking about somewhere. "A wretch," thought Dionysius, "who deserves hanging!" Well, then, he would bestir himself.

Somehow, the thread of his æsthetical studies was broken. His Plato ceased to charm him. Much learning had become a weariness to his flesh. A path, new and entrancing, was leading him away from the dry bones of antiquity.

Come what might, he must pursue it. What should he do first? Whom should he question? The Deepdale clique were banded together to believe a lie. It was useless to appeal to them.

There was an old servant, the sole domestic that the vicarage in those days boasted; she had lived with the Melrose family twenty years, and was there at the time of the robbery. She might be supposed to know every particular; and to her Dionysius resolved to go. He knew where she lived. Her native village was not more than a few miles distant, and she was keeping house for a widowed brother. Her familiar appellation was Betty. He

would like to subject Betty to a severe cross-examination. "I should be sure to elicit something," thought he.

So eager and interested did he feel,—so disgusted with every other occupation, or train of ideas, that he determined to set off at once. He knew the way, and he would canter over on his pony. No more walks through the mud for Dionysius Curling!

He started in capital spirits. What if to him the task were delegated of vindicating the innocence of Clara Melrose? What if, in the face of the whole parish, he could step forward and declare that he had discovered the guilty party? Then, ah! that would be the happiest moment of his life. Hitherto, he had tasted but moderate draughts from the fountain of bliss. But with such a companion—with such a wife, he would not have come down to Deepdale for nothing!

Thinking thus, he cantered merrily through mud and fog, until he reached the little hamlet where Betty dwelt. Her cottage was the first in the village; and dismounting, he tied his pony to a gate, and tapped politely at the door. A spare, sharp woman, with a discontented face, opened it. This was Betty.

She was not exactly the person he had expected to see. He fancied she would have been one of those garrulous old women who are never weary of talking of the masters they have served. But Betty's disposition was not gushing; it inclined to the ascetic.

In reply to Dionysius's introductory question, as to whether she had not lived twenty years at Deepdale Vicarage, she said that she had. Then, as he was interrupting her preparations for dinner, she looked somewhat sourly at him.

"You were well acquainted with the late vicar, I believe," said Dionysius, not finding it so easy to begin his cross-examination as he expected.

"Well, yes, sir; I was."

"You—you were attached to him, I believe?" inquired Dionysius.

"Sir?"

Betty was a little deaf.

"You liked him—respected him, I mean," suggested the vicar, timidly.

"Humph!"

Dionysius, somewhat puzzled, looked full at Betty. Betty looked full at Dionysius. But, for any information to be got out of her face, he might as well have looked at the opposite wall.

"He was a very nice man, I believe," stammered Dionysius, at length.

Betty nodded her head.

Dionysius began to feel annoyed. He had never anticipated such a difficult subject for cross-examination.

"Of course you were acquainted with— You knew his niece, the late Miss Melrose?" said Dionysius, blushing a little.

Betty's eyes gave a sharp twinkle—so sharp that Dionysius blushed still deeper.

"She must have been—that is, she is now—a most delightful person," again stammered Dionysius.

Betty smiled grimly.

It was very awkward to carry on the conversation entirely by himself; still, Dionysius made another attempt.

"You know, of course—you were there when the robbery took place," said Dionysius.

Betty nodded assent.

"Would you mind giving me a few particulars?" asked he, persuasively. "I am, as you are, perhaps, aware, the newly-appointed Vicar of Deepdale."

Betty nodded again.

"And—I wish—I am anxious—naturally so, to have the matter cleared up to the satisfaction of all parties concerned."

Another grim smile from Betty.

"Would you favour me with your opinion?" asked Dionysius, blandly.

Betty shook her head. "You must excuse me, sir," said she, breaking a silence which was becoming ominous.

"But," argued Dionysius, "as you are the principal witness —"

"I'm not a witness."

"You were there when the robbery took place," said Dionysius, eagerly. He did not want to have his muddy ride for nothing. "And you can surely throw some light on the subject."

"No, sir, I can't; not a bit."

"At any rate, you don't think that Mrs. Melrose was guilty?" cried Dionysius, in despair.

Betty's face assumed an expression of utter and blank stolidity; stolidity dense enough to have baffled the penetration of the Sphinx. "I can't tell, sir, one way or other. I'm sick and tired of people coming to ask the question."

"I am very sorry," began Dionysius.

"So am I," said the old woman, sharply, "that ever I went to live with them Melroses at all!"

Dionysius thought Betty the most disagreeable person he had ever seen. "Good morning," said he, much disappointed.

"Good morning, sir. And please don't ye send anybody else, or I shall have to leave the place."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

YEARNING FOR SYMPATHY.

THE next morning, almost before Clara Melrose had finished her breakfast, Phil turned head over heels up the garden walk.

"I am come to school, Mrs. Melrose," said he, bounding into the room.

Rejoiced as the widow might feel at the unwonted alacrity of her pupil, she had a little matter to settle with him, ere things could go on with their accustomed smoothness. Putting the box into his hand, while a blush overspread her cheek, she told him that he must never offer her money again. She thanked him, taking his two bear's paws into her smooth white hands,

and drawing him caressingly towards her. He had done it with the best intentions; but it had been a mistake. In these days, to offer money, except as a payment for some service rendered, was little short of an insult.

Phil's face turned very red while Clara Melrose was speaking. He put the box into his pocket without saying a word, looking, however, so crestfallen and unhappy that the widow had to console him. She said he was her best friend. That she was amply repaid for teaching him; and so long as he was good and industrious, no harm could happen to her. He had only to try to learn.

Poor Phil! it was hard work that trying to learn! But, supplied with a motive more strong than had ever before been brought to bear upon him, he certainly did wonders.

Quietly, and using her influence with tact and discretion, Clara Melrose contrived to instil some amount of knowledge into his erratic mind. Quitting the fairy tales, which had been used as a kind of bait, she related those facts of history which it was requisite that Phil should know. She led him on, from one step to another, patiently going over the ground again and again, and using the unbounded influence she possessed over him for the simple purpose of doing him good.

Phil, docile, and tractable, was completely in her power. The boy loved her with all the warmth of his Irish nature. He liked to be at the cottage constantly. He was never so happy as when doing her some little act of kindness. As spring came, with its budding leaves, he dug her garden and planted it with his own hands. He waited upon her with all the zeal and devotedness of a boy lover. A word from her was enough to restrain him from those wild freaks in which he had been wont to indulge. She could make him smile or weep at her pleasure.

Some women are born with a spell about them, and so was she!

But, in spite of Phil's companionship the widow began to feel very lonely. The Deepdale world had cut her entirely. The Big Countess rarely visited her, and with strange inconsistency had forbidden her daughters to make her acquaintance.

Dionysius Curling was patiently biding his time behind the sombre walls of the vicarage; he did not think it expedient to be much in the widow's company, lest in some moment of impulse he should prematurely ask her to become his wife. Such an act of precipitation would ruin everything.

Thus it happened, that Clara Melrose felt herself doubly deserted. No one knew how bitterly she mourned in secret over the friends that she had lost. There were those at Deepdale who had vowed fidelity to her again and again.

"If you are in any trouble, be sure you come to me," had said, many and many a time, Mrs. Flushing, at the house on the hill.

"Nothing would ever make us believe ill of you," had repeatedly assured her, the three Miss Flushings.

"Friends are no friends, if they do not stick by you," had been the prevailing sentiment at Deepdale.

Clara Melrose, in her adversity, cast these speeches in her mind. She could scarce credit the idea that not one spark of friendship lingered in the hearts of those who had professed so much. Surely, if appealed to, they would not be wholly obdurate. True, in public, they might not see fit to notice her; they might not venture to call upon her, or show her any open attention: but how would it be in private?

The widow had never sat in the vicarage pew since that first unhappy Sunday. She had taken possession of an obscure seat in a dark corner of the church, and here she came, Sabbath after Sabbath, to join in public worship. They must have had stoical natures, who could resist the sight of that mournful woman, who came alone, and alone went away to her home. To whom no one spoke, to whom no friendly hand was held forth, who seemed cut off from kith and kin.

"Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness:" such might have been the burden of her complaint.

Brooding over her isolation, a thought suggested itself to Clara Melrose. She was more than usually lonely. Phil was away upon a visit, and she had literally no human being to whom she could speak. The days were growing longer, for the spring had come, and violets bloomed in her garden. The length of the days seemed to increase her misery. It requires nerves of iron and brass to resist the steady, unrelenting, neglect of those among whom we live; and even nerves like these will give way at length, and there will come the agonised yearning for human sympathy.

Clara Melrose felt that yearning. For a time, she struggled with her pain. She worked, she read, she laboured in her house and in her garden; she tried, oh! how vainly, to fill the aching void! Her soul refused to be comforted.

"Oh!" thought she, "were I to go to her, surely she would not reject me." This was spoken of Mrs. Flushing, of the house on the hill.

Mrs. Flushing was a woman of a kindly nature. Perhaps few women could be found so tender and so full of charity; she had been like a mother to the orphan niece of Mr. Melrose. A most intimate and cordial friendship had subsisted between the two women. When Clara went away to Madeira, Mrs. Flushing shed floods of tears; the widow remembered it well. How the girls clung round her, and how their mother wept. And now! Oh! if friendship was worth anything—if it were not a mere pretence and a sham—then these people would be the first to receive her. Should she go and see them? She had sat alone until the very walls seemed peopled with feverish images. Was her brain going to fail her? Would solitude drive her mad?

Scarce knowing what she did, the widow arose. Ah! many and many a time had her light footstep ascended the hill, and kindly faces had issued forth, and kindly voices never failed to greet her. Was all friendship dead? Would past joys never return?

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MRS. FLUSHING.

SHE had dressed herself in her usual mourning attire, her crape veil concealing her face. Then, somewhat agitated and nervous, she went forth from the cottage. It was like a hunted hare venturing from the form.

She had no sooner set out, than she began to tremble. It seemed as if her limbs were about to fail her. Except to attend Divine service, this persecuted, outcast, woman had never, since her return to Deepdale, left her home. She chose the least conspicuous route to the house of her friend; but she could not pass wholly unnoticed. Her enemies pointed her out to each other, and even the very children stood to gaze at her.

When she reached the abode of Mrs. Flushing, she was panting and breathless. Her face was pale as marble; her very lips were colourless. So terribly did she suffer, that she almost repented having come. But she had come. There stood the pretty rustic dwelling, with the jessamine climbing up its porch; there was the row of bee-hives; there were the flowers of spring, blooming as bright as in the days of old.

But where was the friend of long ago? Never before had she failed to step out to meet her. Never before had there been this ominous silence. Perhaps Mrs. Flushing was out. Alas! no. It was not very likely. The widow had caught a glimpse of her at the window. She was at home, and yet she did not come!

Ah, me! there are moments of sad trouble in the lives of men and women. Such a moment was this to Clara Melrose. Yet, having ventured—having braved the populace of Deepdale, she would not turn back now. No! be the knowledge never so bitter, she would know the worst. If she were rejected here, she would never try elsewhere. No; she would creep into her solitary corner, and, it might be, die: for life cannot hold its own in the face of the world's defiance; it is crushed out.

The outer door of this pleasant abode stood open. There was a rich odour of double-wallflowers, and a hum of bees. Two white butterflies, the first that she had seen, were chasing each other up and down; and, in a little copse hard by, she heard the cuckoo repeating its unvarying note. It was a delicious afternoon. Nature, balmy and genial, seemed to smile upon her; but, alas! nothing else did!

She had never been used to anything so formal as to knock at the door, and yet she did so now. A barrier, that she could not pass, had been reared between her and the home and hearth of her friend. No one responded to the knock, and then, perhaps in sheer desperation, she walked in. She knew Mrs. Flushing was within, and she thought that she should find her alone. Here Clara Melrose was right. At the little work-table by the window sat the woman who had vowed eternal fidelity—who had parted from her with tears.

She did not rise when the widow entered. She surveyed her with a look cold as an iceberg of the North, and merely made a slight movement of recognition, nothing more. The look said, plainly as words can speak, "You are mistaken if you think that I will receive you!"

The widow, her lips dry, her hands feverish, her heart sick with sorrow, stood a moment, and returned the look. The look said, "Will not you, even you, have pity upon me?"

The circumstance was somewhat embarrassing to the lady of the house. She had not laid down her work. She sat with her needle in her hand; nay, once she put in a stitch. She had not, as yet, addressed a single word to her visitor.

Clara Melrose would not perhaps have taken such a liberty, had it been possible to help it; but at this juncture, her head swam and her limbs trembled so violently, that she was obliged to sit down. She would else have fallen.

Still Mrs. Flushing did not speak. She directed towards her another look of ice, that was all.

The widow feeling a deadly sickness at her heart, and oppressed with heat and fatigue, faltered out a request for a glass of water. She fancied then that she should have strength to walk homewards.

Mrs. Flushing rose, went to a side-table where stood a large glass jug of water, poured some into a tumbler, set it upon the table, and then, sitting down again, took up her work. Not even then would she be driven to exchange a word with Clara Melrose!

The widow put the glass to her lips, but she could not swallow. An hysterical feeling came over her; and setting down the water, she burst into tears. Tears which had no effect whatever upon Mrs. Flushing. Yet we must not suppose her to be hard or cruel. She had nursed the late vicar in his illness,

been the witness of his sufferings—his grievous embarrassments—his broken heart. She had had proved to her, beyond all doubt, that the inflictor of these woes was his guilty niece, Clara Melrose; and after that, could she ever notice her again? "No," said she, repeating with tears the scene of this afternoon; "no, not if she died at my feet!"

"She may well cry," thought she, listening with unmoved stoicism to the sobs of the unhappy widow; "she may well cry, but it will not bring her poor dear uncle to life again."

Clara Melrose was not a sensational person. She had been betrayed into this outburst, against her will. She checked herself as powerfully as she could, and soon the sobs ceased, the tears ceased to flow. There was nothing for her now, but to depart. She rose from her seat, and stood a moment looking wistfully at her friend. Then, clasping her hands, she said, in a tone of deep and bitter anguish, "So you will not speak to me?"

Mrs. Flushing raised her head, and replied in a cold, constrained manner, "Excuse me, Mrs. Melrose; you must be well aware that I cannot."

Should she burst forth, and deny her supposed guilt? Should she declare, as before Heaven, that it was not she who did it? If she had, I fear it would have been useless; nay, it might have been deemed an aggravation of her crime. Women do not look at each other as Mrs. Flushing did at her, unless they are fully persuaded in their own minds—unless the outcast has been proved past all redemption.

Clara Melrose did not, therefore, burst forth, either by words or tears. She cast one glance round the familiar room, and then, for a moment, raised her eyes to heaven, as if appealing to One above. After this, she went her way.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD MILESTONE.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.



THE old milestone stood on a pleasant country road, bordered by thick hedges, over which one could catch glimpses of sunny meadows and a silvery river; and sometimes, on a clear day, of the great city beyond, lying in its pale grey mist. There were a few houses on the road, two or three cottages, whose doors opened on the pathway, and some large dwellings lying behind little courtyards, and half-hidden by noble trees.

One day, forty years ago, two boys trudged down the road towards this milestone. When they reached it they stopped, and made out its half-defaced inscription, "Five miles to London;"—and then they sat down to rest beside it.

"I suppose we shall come back this way some day, Martin," said the younger lad.

"Yes; but I hope in a very different style, Paul,"

answered the other. "They say that some who have entered London as poor as we are have left it as rich as princes. I shall try to grow rich, Paul."

"I shall do my best, too, Martin," said Paul, "though I do not suppose I shall get very wealthy; but I shall be quite satisfied if I can help to send the girls to school, and save mother from working so hard as she has done."

"Well, there is no one to claim duty of me," said Martin, "for, of course, I can't look upon my grandmother in the light of a parent, though she brought me up, and, as she's quite happy in the almshouse, there is no need for me to trouble about her. Don't you find it hard to expect so much labour for other people?"

"Oh, Martin!" exclaimed the other, astonished, "I only want to go to London, because there I shall be able to do so much more for them at home."

Martin looked as if he did not quite believe it; but he leaned back in a green hollow, and began to detail the objects of his own ambition. "It is well to set great things before one," he said. "I shall not call myself rich until I have a carriage and livery servants, and can build a great house in the old village, and fill it with grand furniture, and show all the country people what industry can get."

"I don't expect anything like that," answered little Paul, meekly. "If I keep mother's rent paid, or, perhaps, buy our own little cottage, and put it in the nice order it was in while father lived, dear mother will be quite content; and I hope I shall be able to afford a white headstone for father's grave while she lives, for that will please her very much."

Martin only yawned in reply, and then the two lads rose and went their way.

Years passed by, and a lonely traveller toiled up the road towards the old milestone. He kept pausing and looking over the hedges, as if he could not enough enjoy the sweet country scene around. He was not a young man; there was much grey hair upon his head, but his step was light and active, and, as he went along, he hummed to himself.

When a twist of the road brought him in sight of the milestone, he hurried forward, as if he saw an old friend, and spelled out the dim letters, just as though he did not know quite well the words they formed; and then he said to himself, he would sit down there and rest.

Presently a little carriage appeared, drawn by two roan horses. Its inmate looked a very aged man, with a dark pain-stricken face, and restless, worried eyes. When he saw the traveller resting near the milestone, he bade his coachman pause, and exclaimed—

"Well, this is strange! but, of course, you don't know me, Paul!"

"You are not Martin, are you?" asked the other, like one in a dream.

"Yes, I am; at least, I am what remains of him," answered the invalid. "Won't you get into the carriage, and have a talk with me?—though I know I'm not very amusing now."

Paul accepted the invitation, in quiet astonishment at the half-childish fretfulness of his once haughty comrade.

"I'm riding to my native town in my carriage, you see," said Martin, presently; "I've got a fine place down there, and I've a right to shoot over Boscott grounds—only, you see, I'm not able to shoot anywhere. I've not heard of you for a long time, Paul; what have you been doing?"

"Much as I always did," he answered; "but I've just got enough for the rest of my days, and so I've finished work, and am going home to stay."

"Where do you intend to live?" asked Martin.

"In my father's cottage," he said; "I bought it years ago; and my mother, in her last days, enjoys it as trim and fair as when she first saw it after her wedding."

"You don't mean to say your mother is alive yet?" said Martin.

"Yes, she is," replied Paul; "a very aged woman, to be sure; past eighty, but younger in mind and body than are many at sixty."

"Younger than I am, I dare say," fumed Martin; "she may well be that!—But, of course, this has been one hindrance to your rise in life, Paul."

"Thank God for it!" answered the other, fervently; "and if I had been a still happier man I should not have been able to retire so soon as this. For I married thirty years ago, and for nine-and-twenty years my wife has been in heaven, and I alone on earth."

"No wonder he did not get on," muttered Martin, as he watched Paul alight at the old cottage porch, and heard the patriarchal mother's hearty welcome: "he has thought of every one before himself. I was not such a simpleton! I looked to my own interest; and yet how happy he is! What a dull hole my great house looks; and the servants are only thinking of what they can get—ugh! I wish I was dead!"

L. F.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. What title was by Nehemiah borne?
2. Who treated David's messengers with scorn?
3. What giant by Abishai was slain?
4. The mount whence Moses looked o'er Canaan's plain.
5. Who fought with David in a barley field?
6. Unto whose grandson was God's word revealed?
7. Whose son the words of Haggai obeyed?
8. What King of Hamath David presents made?
9. The town where David was anointed king.
10. What town did Rezin back to Syria bring?
11. What place did Nobah take, and call his name?
12. Who to help Ammon against David came?
13. Whose son slew fourscore men by gross deceit?
14. Where did Issboseth's men with David's meet?
15. Who saw God's angel stand 'twixt heaven and earth?
16. Who comforted Naomi by his birth?
17. A queen whose son her cherished idol took,
And burnt it with its grove by Kidron's brook.

To thee, O Lord, we will ascribe
The glory and the power;
Thine is the kingdom, and shall be
Thine, Lord, for evermore.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

ONE WHO ALLOWED FIFTY MEN TO GO IN SEARCH OF WHAT
HE KNEW THEY WOULD NOT FIND.

1. A violent wind.
2. A city near the Fair Havens.
3. A son of Enoch.
4. One who refused a passage to the Israelites through his country.
5. A prophetess to whom a king sent for counsel.
6. One of the cities of the plain destroyed for the wickedness of its inhabitants.

THE QUIVER ORPHAN FUND.—We trust that every one of our readers received a copy of the collecting bill for the QUIVER ORPHAN FUND, which we issued with No. 61. Should any reader have failed to find the paper, or wish for a further supply, we shall be happy to forward some, on receipt of an addressed envelope.